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Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale
by Jackson Drug Co.

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will receive prompt and careful at-
tention.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy
Cures Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.

The Two Vanrevels

By BOOTH TARKINGTON,
Author of "The Gentleman from Indiana" and "Monsieur Beaucaire"

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All these and others of the town
were wont to "talk politics" a great
deal at the little club on Main street,
and all were apt to fall foul of Tom
Vanrevel or Crailey Gray before the
end of any discussion. For those were
the days when they twisted the lion's
tail in vehement and bitter earnest,
when the eagle screamed in mixed fig-
ures, when few men knew how to talk
and many orated, when party strife
was savagely personal, when tolerance
was called the "pure fire of patriot-
ism," when criticism of the existing
order of things surely incurred fiery
anathemas and black invective, and
brave was he, indeed, who dared to
hint that his country as a whole and
politically did lack some two or three
particular virtues and that the first
step toward obtaining them would be
to help it to realize their absence.

This latter point of view was that of
the men of Gray & Vanrevel, which
was a unit in such matters. Crailey
did most of the talking, quite beauti-



Sung terrible chords on summer evenings,
fully, too, and both had to stand against
odds in many a sour argument, for
they were not only abolitionists, but
opposed the attitude of their country in
its difficulty with Mexico, and in com-
mon with other men of the time who
took their stand, they had to grow ac-
customed to being called disloyal tra-
itors, foreign toadies, malignants and
traitors of the flag. Tom had long
been used to epithets of this sort, suf-
fering their sting in quiet, and was
glad when he could keep Crailey out of
worse employment than standing firm
for an unpopular belief.

There was one place to which Van-
revel, seeking his friend and partner,
when the latter did not come home at
night, could not go. This was the tower
chamber, and it was in that mysteri-
ous apartment of the Carewe couple
that Crailey was apt to be deeply occu-
pied when he remained away until
daylight. Strange as it appears, Mr.
Gray maintained peculiar relations of
intimacy with Robert Carewe and his
own best friend. This intimacy, which
did not necessarily imply any mutual
fondness, though Crailey seemed to
dislike nobody, was betokened by a
furtive understanding of a sort be-
tween them. They held brief, earnest
conversations on the street or in cor-
ners when they met at other people's
houses, always speaking in voices too
low to be overheard, and they exercised
a mysterious symbolism, somewhat in
the manner of fellow members of a
secret society. They had been ob-
served to communicate across crowded
rooms by lifted eyebrow, nod of the
head or surreptitious turn of the wrist,
so that those who observed them knew
that a question had been asked and an-
swered.

It was noticed also that there were
five other initiates to this mystery—
Eugene Madron, the elder Cheno-
weth, General Trumble, Tappanham
Marsh and Jefferson Baroud. Thus
on the afternoon following Miss Bet-
ty's introduction to Rouen's favorite
sons and daughters Mr. Carewe, driv-
ing down Main street, held up one
forefinger to Madron as he saw the
young man turning in at the club.

Eugene nodded gravely and as he went
in, discovering Marsh, the general and
others listening to Mr. Gray's explana-
tion of his return from the river with
no fish, stealthily held up one finger in
his turn. Trumble replied with a wink,
Tappanham nodded, but Crailey
slightly shook his head. Marsh and the
general started with surprise and stared
incredulously. That Crailey should
shake his head! If the signal had been
for a church meeting they might have
understood.

Mr. Gray's conduct was surprising
two other people at about the same
time—Tom Vanrevel and Fanchon
Baroud; the former by his sudden de-
votion to the law; the latter by his
sudden devotion to herself. In a breath
he became almost a domestic charac-
ter.

Miss Baroud was even happier than
she was astonished—and she was
mightily astonished—to find her be-
trothed developing a taste for her so-
ciety alone. Formerly she had counted
upon the gaieties of her home to keep

Crailey near her; now, however, he
told her tenderly he wished to have her
all to himself. This was not like him,
but Fanchon did not question.
The Baroud house was the most
hospitable in Rouen. Mrs. Baroud, a
southerner, loving to persuade the vis-
itor that her home was his, not hers,
lived only for her art, which was that
of the table. Mr. Baroud at fifty had
lived so well that he gave up walking,
which did not trouble him, but at sixty
he gave up dancing, which did trouble
him. His only hope, he declared, was
in Crailey Gray's promise to invent for
him a concave partner.

There was a thin, quizzing shank of
a son, Jefferson, who lived upon quin-
ine, opium and devilry, and there were
the two daughters, Fanchon and Vir-
ginia. The latter was three years older
than Fanchon, as dark as Fanchon
was fair, though not nearly so pretty,
a small, good natured, romping sprite
of a girl who had handed down the
heart and hand of Crailey Gray to her
sister with the best grace in the world.

For she had been the heroine of one of
Mr. Gray's half dozen or so most seri-
ous affairs, and after a furious rivalry
with Mr. Carewe the victory was gen-
erally conceded to Crailey. His tri-
umph had been of about a fortnight's
duration when Fanchon returned from
St. Mary's, and with the advent of the
younger sister the elder, who had de-
cided that Crailey was the incompara-
ble she had dreamed of since infancy,
was allowed to discover that she was
not that vision; that she had fallen in
love with her own idea of him, whereas
Fanchon cared only that he be Crailey Gray.

To be in love with Crailey became
Fanchon's vocation. She spent all her
time at it and produced a blurred ef-
fect upon strangers. Nor was she
alone in suspecting Mr. Gray of gen-
ius. In the first place, he was so odd;
in the second, his poems were "already
attaining more than local attention,"
as the Journal remarked generously,
for Crailey had ceased to present his
rhymes to that valuable paper. Aye,
Boston no less was his mart.

He was rather radical in his literary
preferences and hurt the elder Cheno-
weth's feelings by laughing heartily at
some poems of the late Lord Byron,
offended many people by disliking the
style of Sir Edward Bulwer and even
refused to admit that James Fenimore
Cooper was the greatest novelist that
ever lived. But those things were as
nothing compared with his unpatriotic
defense of Charles Dickens. Many
Americans had fallen into a great rage
over the vivacious assault upon the
United States in "Martin Chuzzlewit."
Nevertheless Crailey still boldly hailed
him, as every one had heretofore
agreed, the most dexterous writer of
his day and the most notable humorist
of any day. Of course the Englishman
had not visited and thoroughly studied
such a city as Rouen, Crailey con-
fessed twinklingly; but, after all,
wasn't there some truth in "Martin
Chuzzlewit?" Mr. Dickens might have
been far from a clear understanding of
our people, but didn't it argue a pretty
ticklish vanity in ourselves that we
were so fiercely resentful of satire, and
was not this very heat over "Martin
Chuzzlewit" a confirmation of one of
the points he had quoted so effectively
against us? General Trumble replied
to this suggestion with a personal one
to the effect that a man capable of say-
ing a good word for so monstrous a
slender—that a man, sir, capable of de-
claring his native country to be vain
or sensitive, ought to be horsewhipped,
and at this Crailey laughed consum-
mately.

Trumble retorted with the names of
Benedit Arnold and Aaron Burr.
"And if it comes to a war with these
graciers," he spluttered apologetically,
"and it is coming, mighty soon, we'll
find Mr. Gray down in Mexico throw-
ing mud on the stars and stripes and
cheering for that one legged horse
thief, Santa Anna! Anything to seek
out something foolish among your own
people!"

"Don't have to seek far sometimes,
general," murmured Crailey from the
depths of the best chair in the club,
whereupon Trumble, not trusting him-
self to answer, went out to the street.

CHAPTER V.

MISS CAREWE was at her desk,
writing to Sister Cecilia,
whom she most loved of all
the world, when the bells
started her with their sudden clangor.
The quill dropped from her hand, she
started to her feet, wide eyed, not un-
derstanding, while the whole town,
drowsing peacefully a moment ago, re-
sounded immediately with a loud con-
fusion. She ran to the front door and
looked out, her heart beating wildly.

The western sky was touched with a
soft rose color, which quickly became
warm glow, fluctuating and in the
instant shot up like the coming of a
full aurora. Then through the broken
foliage of the treetops could be seen
the orange curls of flame, three-quar-
ters of a mile away though they were.

People calling loudly that "it was
Carewe's warehouses" were running
down the street. From the stable old
Nelson on her father's best horse came
galloping and, seeing the white figure

in the doorway, cried out in a quaver-
ing voice without checking his speed:

"I gint to tell yo' pa, Miss Betty.
He in de Kentucky on lan' business. Go
back in de house, missy!"

The other servants, like ragged
sketches in the night, flitted by with
excited ejaculations to join the run-
ners, and Miss Betty followed them
across the dew strewn turf in her light
slippers, but at the gate she stopped.

From up the street came the sound
of a bell smaller than those of the
churches and courthouses, yet one that
outdid all others in the madness of its
appeal to clear the way. It was borne
along by what seemed at first an in-
definite black mass, but which as the
aurora grew keener, producing even
here a faint yellow twilight—resolved
itself into a mob of hoarsely shouting
men and boys, who were running and
tugging at ropes which drew along
three extraordinary vehicles. They
came rapidly down the street and
passed Miss Betty with a hubbub and
din beyond all understanding—one line
of men, most of them in red shirts and
oldish helms, at a dead run with the
horse cart, a second with the hand en-
gine, the third dragging the ladder wa-
gon. One man was riding, a tall,
straight gentleman in evening clothes
and without a hat, who stood precari-
ously in the horse cart calling in an an-
noyed tone through a brazen trumpet.

Miss Betty recognized him at once. It
was he who caught her kitten, and she
thought that if he had been Fanchon
Baroud she must have screamed a
warning for his balance appeared a
thing of mere luck, and if he fell he
would be trampled under foot and
probably run over by the engine. But
happily, she remembered, she was not
Fanchon Baroud.

Before, behind and beside the depart-
ment paced a throng of boys, wild with
the joy experienced by their species
when property is being handsomely de-
stroyed. After them came panting wa-
men, holding their sides and gasping
with the effort to keep up with the fly-
ing procession.

Miss Betty trembled, for she had nev-
er seen the like in her life. She stood
close to the hedge and let them go by.
Then she turned in after them and ran
like a fleet young deer. She was going
to the fire.

Over all the uproar could be heard
the angry voice through the trumpet
calling the terms of the streets to the
men in vain, spluttering them and
those of the other two companies im-
partially, and few of his hearers denied
the chief his right to express some cha-
grin, since the department, organized a



She was going to the fire.

half year, hard drilled and with its first
fire worth the name, was late on ac-
count of the refusal of the members to
move until they had donned their new
uniforms, for the uniforms had arrived
from Philadelphia two months ago, and
tonight offered the first opportunity to
display them in public.

"Hail Vanrevel!" panted Tappanham
Marsh to Eugene Madron as the two,
running in the van of the "house
company," spluttered through a mud
puddle. "You'd think he was Carewe's
only son and heir instead of his worst
enemy. Hark-to the man!"

"I'd let it burn if I were he," returned
the other.

"It was all Crailey's fault," said Tap-
pamham, swinging an arm free to
wipe the spattered mud from his face.
"If we were he wouldn't budge with his
uniform, and the rest only brought
him up, that was all. Crailey and
Carewe could better afford to lose his
shanties than the overworked depart-
ment its first chance to look beautiful
and earnest. Tom asked him why he
didn't send for a fiddle." Marsh fin-
ished, with a chuckle.

"Carewe might afford to lose a little,
even a warehouse or two, if only out of
what he's taken from Crailey and the
rest of us these three years."

"Taken from Vanrevel, you mean.
Who doesn't know where Crailey's—
Here's Main street. Look out for the
turn."

They swung out of the thick shadows
of Carewe street into full view of the
fire, and their faces were illuminated
as by sunrise.

The warehouses stood on the river
bank, at the foot of the street, just
south of the new "covered bridge."
There were four of them, huge, bare
sided buildings, the two nearer the
bridge of brick, the others of wood and
all of them rich with stores of every
kind of river merchandise and costly
freight—furniture that had voyaged
from New England down the long
coast, across the Mexican gulf, through
the flat delta and had made the wond-
erful journey up the great river a thou-
sand miles and almost a thousand
miles, following the greater and lesser
tributaries; cloth from Connecticut that
had been sold in Philadelphia, then car-
ried over mountains and through
forests by steam, by canal, by stage

and six mule freight wagons to Pitts-
burg, down the Ohio and thence up to
Rouen on the packet; Tennessee cotton
on its way to Massachusetts and Rhode
Island spindles, lay there beside huge
mounds of raw wool from Illinois,
ready to be fed to the Rouen mill;
dates and nuts from the Caribbean sea;
lemons from groves of the faraway
tropics, cigars from the Antilles, to-
bacco from Virginia and Kentucky;
most precious of all, the great granary
of the farmers' wheat from the level
fields at home; and all the rich stores
and the houses that held them, as well
as the wharfs upon which they had
been landed and the steamers that
brought them up the Rouen river, be-
longed to Robert Carewe.

That it was her father's property
which was imperiled attracted to the
justification of Miss Betty in running
to a fire, and as she followed the crowd
into Main street she felt a not unpleas-
ant proprietary interest in the spec-
tacle. Very opposite sensations an-
ticated the breast of the man with the
trumpet, who was more acutely con-
scious than any other that these were
Robert Carewe's possessions which
were burning so handsomely. Nor was
he the only one among the firemen who
ground his teeth over the folly of the
uniforms, for now they could plainly
see the ruin being wrought, the de-
vastation threatened. The two up-
stories of the southernmost warehouse
had swathed themselves in one great
flame, the building next on the north,
also of frame, was smoking heavily,
and there was a wind from the south-
west which, continuing with the fire
unchecked, threatened the town itself.
There was work for the volunteer fire
brigade that night.

Came down Main street with a
rush, the figure of their chief, swaying
over them on his high perch, while
their shouting was drowned in the
louder roar of greeting from the crowd
into which they plunged as a diver into
the water, swirls and eddies of people
marking the wake. A moment later a
section of the roof of the burning wa-
rehouse fell in with a tremendous and re-
verberating crash.

The engine company ran the force
pump out to the end of one of the low-
er wharfs, two lines of pipe were at-
tached, two rows of men mounted the
planks for the pumps and at the word
of command began the up and down of
the hand machine with admirable vim.
Nothing happened; the water did not
come; something appeared to be wrong
with the mechanism. At every one felt
the crucial need of haste; nothing could
have been more natural than that all
the members of the house company
should simultaneously turn their eyes to
repair the defect. Crailey stepped up
on the spot a second, which put
the engine out of action for a useful
space.

In the meantime the men
and boys who were in the lines,
but who had no place in their opera-
tion, being the bucket brigade, had
formed a line and were throwing large
pails of water in the general direction
of the southernmost warehouse, which
it was now impossible to save, while
the companies of the back and ladder
companies, abandoning their wagons
and armed with axes, heroically as-
saulted the big door of the granary,
the second building, whence they were
driven by the exasperated chief, who
informed them that the only way to
save the wheat was to save the build-
ing. Crailey Gray, one of the berated
axemen, remained by the shattered door
after the others had gone and, struck
by a sudden thought, set his hand up
on the iron latch and opened the door
by this simple process. It was not
locked. Crailey leaned against the
ensent and laughed with his whole
soul and body.

Meanwhile, by dint of shouting in
melancholy tones at them, through
the trumpet which dripped, tearing axes
from their hands, imperiously ges-
turing to subordinate commanders and
lingering in no one spot for more than
a second, Mr. Vanrevel had marshaled
the forces to a semblance of order in a
remarkably short time, converting the
confusion into which they had fallen.

The space between the two wa-
rehouses and that next to the granary
was fifty feet in width, and fifty feet
so hot no one took any notice of enter-
ing there, an area as dangerous in ap-
pearance as it was. Crailey, with the
thick rain of sparks falling about him
that fell upon it, but Crailey had
decided that this was the place to be
occupied and, more than any one else,
it was the only place where the
second warehouse could be saved. If of
this building would be destroyed, it
would mean the destruction of the house,
unless it could be saved, because
the streams of water could not play
upon it from the ground nor from the
ladders do much more than wet the
projecting eaves. It was a gable roof,
the eaves twenty feet lower on the
south side than on the north, where the
ladders could not hope to reach. Van-
revel swung his line of bucketeers
round to throw water not upon the
flames, but upon the ladder men.

Miss Carewe stood in the crowd upon
the opposite side of the broad street.
Even the firemen were uncomfort-
ably so. All some of them she had to
look on with a sickening horror, though
she was too much excited to mind this.
She was watching the beautiful fiery
face of the burning water, and the
south wall of its neighbor, the fifty feet
brilliant and misty with vaporous rose
color, dotted with the myriad red stars,
her eyes shining with the reflection of
their fierce beauty. She saw how the
vapors moved there, like men walking
in fire, and she was vaguely recalling
Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego,
when over the silhouetted heads of the
crowd before her a long black ladder
rose, wobbled, tilted crazily, then lame-
ly advanced and ranged itself against

the south wall of the second wa-
rehouse, its top rung striking ten feet
short of the eaves. She hoped that no
one had any notion of mounting that
ladder.

A figure appeared upon it immedi-
ately, that of a gentleman, bareheaded
and in evening dress, with a brass
trumpet swinging from a cord about
his shoulders. The noise grew less, the
shouting died away, and the crowd be-
came almost silent as the figure, climb-
ing slowly, drew up above their heads.
Two or three rungs beneath came a
second, it was in helmet and uniform.
The clothes of both men, drenched by
the bucketeers, clung to them, steam-
ing. As the second figure mounted a
third appeared, but this was the last,
for the ladder was frail and sagged to-
ward the smoking wall with the weight
of the three.

The chief, three-fourths of the way to
the top, shouted down a stifled com-
mand, and a short scuffling ladder
fitted at one end with a pair of spiked
iron hooks, was passed to him. Then he
tossed upward until his feet rested on
the third rung from the top. Here he
turned, setting his back to the wall,
lifted the grappling ladder high over
his head so that it rested against the
eaves above him and brought it down
sharply, fastening the spiked hooks in
the roof. As the eaves projected fully
three feet, this left the grappling lad-
der hanging that distance out from the
wall, its lowest rung a little above the
level of the chief's shoulders.

Miss Betty drew in her breath with
a little choked cry. There was a small
carnaged hill of piled up packing boxes
near her, possession of which had been
taken by a company of ragamuffinish
boys, and she found herself standing on
the highest box and sharing the sum-
mit with these questionable youths, al-
most without noting her action in
mounting thither, so straitened was the
concentration of her attention upon the
figure high up in the rose glow against
the warehouse wall. The man, surely,
surely, was not going to trust himself
to that bit of wooden web hanging
from the roof! Where was Miss Bar-
oud that she permitted it? Ah, if
Betty had been Fanchon, and mad wo-
man enough to have accepted this mad-
man, she would have compelled him to
come down at once, and thereafter
would lock him up in the house when-
ever the bells rang!

But the roof was to be mounted or
Robert Carewe's property lost. Al-
ready little flames were dancing up
from the shingles, where firebrands
had fallen, their number increasing
with each second. So Vanrevel raised
his arms, took a hard grip upon the
lowest rung of the grappling ladder
and tried it with his weight. The iron
hooks bit deeper into the roof; they
held. He swung himself out into the
air, with nothing beneath him, caught
the rung under his knee, and for a mo-
ment hung there, while the crowd with-
held from breathing. Then a cloud of
smoke swirling that way made him the
more ghostly nucleus of itself, blotted
him out altogether, and as it rose slowly
upward, showed the ladder free and
empty, so that at first there was an in-
stant when they thought that he had
fallen, but as the smoke cleared, there
was the tall figure on the roof.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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